

The Sketch

No. 814.—Vol. LXIII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1908.

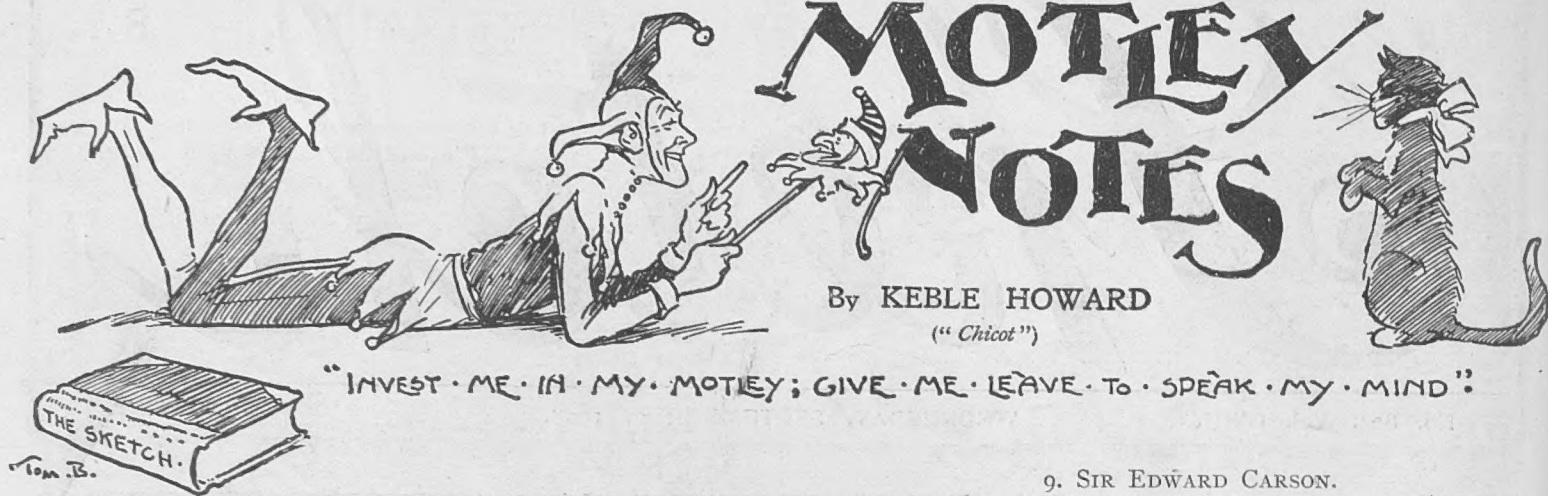
SIXPENCE.



THE ROAD TO FORTUNE—BE A GIBSON GIRL! MISS ELSIE KAY, WHO HAS MARRIED
MR. RONALD McANDREW, SON OF A MILLIONAIRE.

Until a few days ago Miss Elsie Kay was touring with Mr. Seymour Hicks' "Gay Gordons" company. She is the tenth Gibson girl from Mr. Hicks' company who has married title or fortune, or both. Miss Gates married Baron von Dittton; Miss Hilda Harris, Mr. Drummond, of Drummond's Bank; Miss Eva Carrington, Lord de Clifford; Miss Barbara Deane, Mr. Basil Loder; Miss Kathleen Dawn, Mr. Hardinge, a ward of the Duke of Portland; Miss Eva Hillisdon, the Marquis de Florac; Miss Mary Fairbairn, Mr. Smithson, an American millionaire; Miss May Kennedy, Mr. Peter Kelly, an American millionaire; and Miss Christina Humphries, Mr. Anderson, an American millionaire. Miss Camille Clifford, the Gibson Girl of the Vaudeville, wedded the Hon. Lyndhurst Bruce. Mr. Ronald McAndrew, who has married Miss Kay, is a son of one of the partners in the great shipbuilding firm of Messrs. Laird and McAndrew, Liverpool and Glasgow, and his father is said to be a millionaire.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



The Key to Social Success.

I am in trouble again. About the beginning of April I received the following letter: "Sir, the writer of this is an American lady of ample means, and I intend to come to London for the season. I hope to entertain largely, and shall no doubt go freely into English Society and meet the majority of your notabilities. I should be much obliged if you would briefly indicate the line of conversation that one should adopt with a dozen or so of your most prominent men, and shall, of course, be prepared to repay you liberally for your trouble. P.S.—As a business woman, I suggest that payment shall be according to results. The greater my social success, the larger your fee. Please understand that you need only select perfect gentlemen, as the others are not likely to come my way. I should be still further obliged if you could give me the name of some literary lady of wide social knowledge who would do the same for me by your leading Englishwomen." I complied at once with the latter request, cabling the name of Miss —. Then I drew up a list of a few notable Englishmen, attaching to each an opening remark of a genial, interesting, suitable nature. This morning I learn that the rich American lady failed to make the social success she had anticipated, and returned to America in that curious frame of mind known as "high dudgeon."

My Little List.

Since her cheque is not forthcoming, I am forced to the conclusion that my collaborator, Miss —, must have bungled her side of the job. In order to prove to you that the fault was not mine, I give you a copy of my list—

1. MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

"Oh, my dear Mr. Churchill, I'm so delighted to meet you! I've always taken the very greatest interest in your brilliant career. Tell me, when may one expect you to return to those nice Conservatives again?"

2. MR. BERNARD SHAW.

"Mr. Shaw? Really? The Mr. Shaw? But how ravishing! The 'poor man's friend,' are you not? I thought so. And is it true that you are the richest Socialist on earth?"

3. MR. H. G. WELLS.

Ditto. (But vary the wording a little, because they are both prominent members of the "Our Clothes for the Naked" Association, and may exchange experiences in committee.)

4. MR. GEORGE R. SIMS.

"And do you write for the papers at all, Mr. Sims? Really? How fortunate that you enjoy such perfect health, is it not!"

5. MR. BEERBOHM TREE.

"It is so delightful to meet a manager who appreciates the value of simplicity in art."

6. MR. MAX BEERBOHM.

"How charming for you to have so distinguished a brother!"

7. MR. HALL CAINE.

"Oh, yes, of course! I have seen several of your pretty little comedies, Mr. Caine. And is the Home that you foreshadowed so amusingly in 'The Christian' nearly ready?"

8. INSPECTOR DREW.

"Mr. Drew, you are quite the handsomest man I have met on this side! There's one thing I'm dying to know: when you hide behind curtains, what do you do if you want to sneeze?"

9. SIR EDWARD CARSON.

"I presume that in cross-examination, Sir Edward, you rely largely upon your charm of manner?"

Wisdom While You Wake.

A philological correspondent writes me as follows: "You start each of your diary's days with the word 'Woke.' The seven repetitions call special attention to the word. Tell me, dear Chicot, is there such a word in a standard English dictionary, or is it, like the past tense of 'light,' now rendered 'lit,' an outcome of modern journalism? I am not cross, only thirsting for information." This information I shall be happy to supply. If my correspondent will turn to "The Student's English Dictionary," originally compiled by John Ogilvie, LL.D., and since revised, augmented, and edited by Charles Annandale, M.A., LL.D., he will find this jolly little passage—

WAKE, wāk, *v.i.* pret. and pp. *woke* or *waked*, wōk, wākt; ppr. *waking*, wāking. A. Sax. *wacan* (pret. *wōc*), also *wacian* (pret. *wacode*), to arise, to wake, to be awake = Icel. and Sw. *waka*, D. and L.G. *waken*, Goth. *wakan*, G. *wachen*, to wake; cog. with L. *vigil*, watchful (whence *vigilant*) Hence *waken*, *watch*, *awake* (q.v.). To be awake; to continue awake, to watch; not to sleep; to be excited or roused from sleep.

Am I right, Sir?

An Interesting Old Story.

And, whilst we are being so clever together, it may interest you to know the derivation of the name "Eel-Pie Island." It is generally taken for granted that the little island derived its name from a certain kind of eel pie made and eaten there in vast quantities. Research, however, enables me to throw light upon this theory. I understand that, early in the sixteenth century, an ambitious, fool-hardy, and illiterate swimmer was seized with cramp when trying to swim round the island. Whereupon he shouted to a party of beanfeasters who had crossed to the island by boat, "'Elp I! 'elp I!" The beanfeasters were so overcome with amusement at his illiteracy that they were unable to pull the poor man out of the water, and he was drowned. The story was told in taverns throughout the land, and many heated discussions arose as to whether the request of the drowning man was sufficiently humorous to justify the conduct of the beanfeasters. Thus the little island came to be known as "'Elp I Island," since corrupted into its present name. If any reader feels inclined to question this story, I shall be glad if he will communicate with the Editor of the "Office Window," in the *Daily Chronicle*, the acknowledged expert in these matters.

The Grievance of Max.

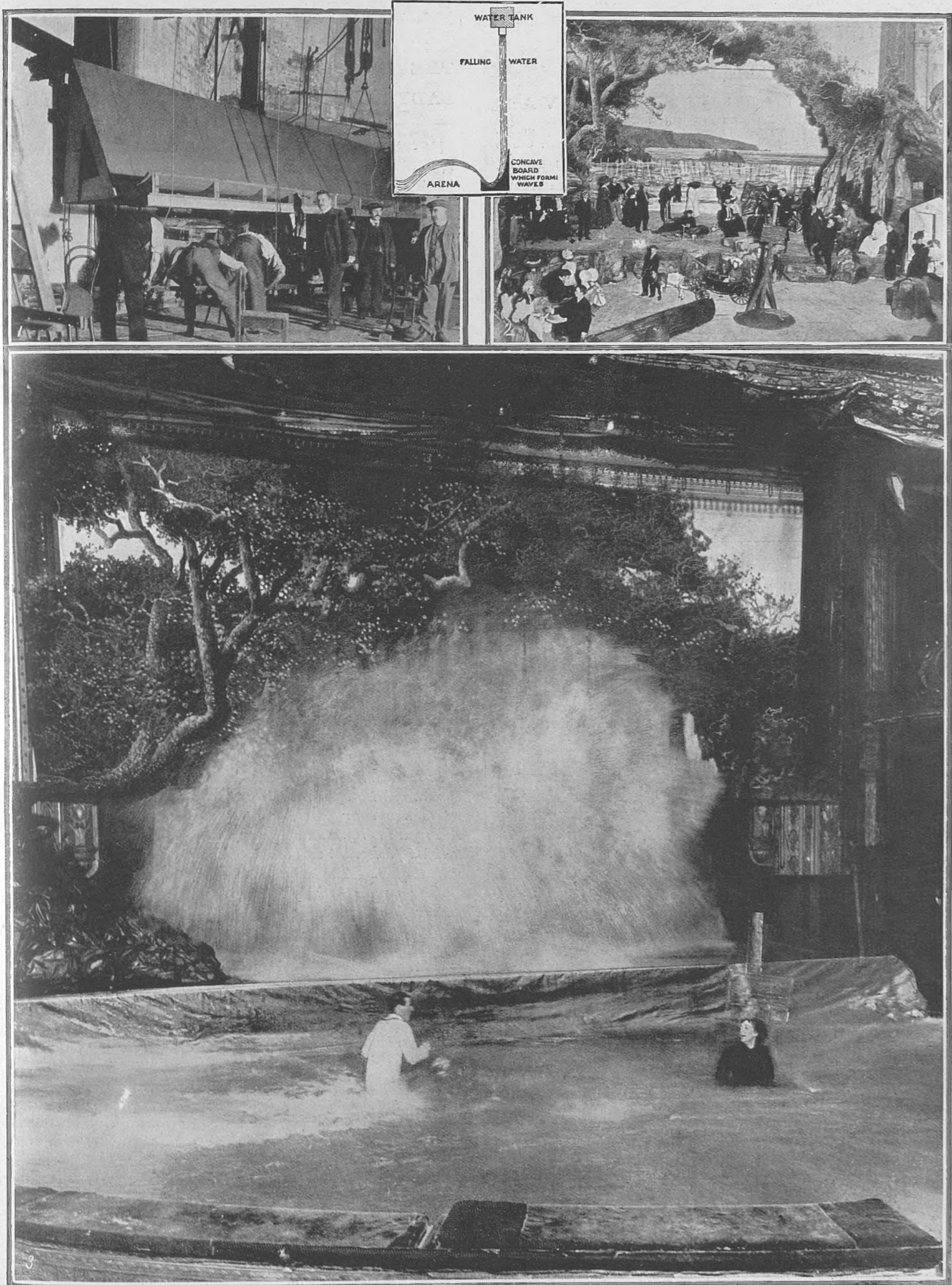
Mr. Max Beerbohm has been complaining to an interviewer that it is very difficult to be a caricaturist nowadays, because everybody is clean-shaven. But "Max" is hardly consistent, for, a little later in the interview, I find him saying: "I attempt to delineate some aspect of soul, some characteristic of mind, which differentiates them from their fellows." Now, it is obvious that it must be easier to differentiate a man from his fellows when you can see the whole of his face instead of only half of it. Anybody might be excused for confusing General Booth and Mr. E. J. Odell, but nobody could possibly mistake Mr. R. G. Knowles for the Bishop of London, although, both in features and facial expression, they are very much alike. Nothing is so baffling to the physiognomist as a luxuriant beard. If all the bearded men you know were shaved clean to-morrow, you would find your circle of friends very much smaller than it is at present. Between many an eminent philanthropist and penal servitude there is nothing but a beard.

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FIVE-TON WAVES IN A CIRCUS RING: WAVE-MAKING FOR "THE SANDS OF DEE" AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW THE WAVES ARE FORMED.



1. THE CONCAVE BOARD BY WHICH THE FIVE-TON WAVES ARE FORMED. 2. "THE SANDS OF DEE" BEFORE THE COMING OF THE NINE GREAT WAVES.
3. THE WAVES DASHING ACROSS THE HIPPODROME ARENA.

Five tons of water go to each wave. The water is released from the tank above the stage, falls seventy-nine feet on to the concave board, is shaped by that board, and rebounds from it into the arena in the form of a great breaker. Nine waves are made for each performance of "The Sands of Dee" (which was first seen last Monday), and obviously, the audience is allowed to see the waves only, not the waves in the making; that goes on behind the scenes. During the spectacle the heroine is bound to the danger-post on the sands by the villain, and is saved from the oncoming tide in the nick of time by the hero. The villain is, of course, drowned.

Photographs taken specially for "The Sketch" by Topical.

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Mesdames Nicholls, Allen, Squire, Wood, Hare, Taggart, Clara Butt, Lunn, Jones, Lett, Lonsdale, Yelland. Messrs. Davies, McCormack, Chandos, Hyde, Baker, Radford, Austin, Knowles, Rumford, Greene, Thomson. Miss Mildred Pritchard and Herr Fritz Kreisler.
Conductor, Mr. George Riseley. Programmes, Secretary, Bristol.
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MARCIA IN GERMANY: An Indiscreet Chronicle.

MAURICE GUEST H. H. RICHARDSON.

THE MAGNATE ROBERT ELSON.

THE BURDEN C. A. DAWSON-SCOTT.

LADY ATHLYNE BRAM STOKER.

HEINEMANN'S SHORTER NOVELS, CLOTH, 2/6.

E. F. BENSON THE BLOTting BOOK.

JOHAN BOJER THE POWER OF A LIE.

With Introduction by HALL CAINE.

London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, BEDFORD STREET, W.C.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

HEINEMANN.
The Power of a Lie. Johan Bojer.

CASELL.
My Lost Self. A. W. Marchmont.

JOHN LONG.
The Little Wonder. Nat Gould.
The Wiles of a Wife. John Cave.
Yetty the Magnificent. J. F. Macpherson.
The Woman in Armour. David C. Murray.

A. AND C. BLACK.
Trout Waters. Wilson H. Armistead.
DUCKWORTH.
The Bond. Neith Boyce.
RIVINGSTON.
Sermons. Rev. Joseph Miller.
WERNER LAURIE.
The Loser Pays. Marie Openshaw.
DOUBLEDAY.
Sylva. John Evelyn.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.

The Editor will be glad to consider photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.
PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

SMALL TALK



MR. ALLAN CAMERON, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS FRASER-TYTLER.

Mr. Cameron is a son of the late Cameron of Lochiel and of Lady Margaret Cameron, sister of the Duke of Buccleuch.

Photograph by Keturah Collins.

scribed as novelist, as well as playwright, poet, biographer, journalist, and social reformer. The Dowager Duchess of Wellington is also a writer of distinction, and an authority on the treasures contained in Apsley House.

A Captain of Industry.

Sir William Thomas Lewis, who is retiring from the post of manager of the Bute Docks, Cardiff, bears his seventy-one years lightly. He has an astonishing record as a captain of industry, for nothing seems to have come amiss to him in the staple industries of South Wales—not only docks, but railways, coal-mines, iron and steel works, tinplate works, and so on. Although he is a strong

THE Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, whose first novel is just out, has already written travel-books, and one most fascinating story-book for children, entitled "Willy Wind; or, Jock and the Cheeses." But she is by no means the only novelist among the wearers of the strawberry-leaves. The Duchess of Leeds has written "Capriccios" and "A Lover of the Beautiful," as well as a number of short stories; while the versatile Duchess of Sutherland may be de-

Curzon. One of the society manuals rather laboriously sets out in what degree Mr. Dick was related to a deceased right honourable member for an Irish constituency, but that is quite unnecessary; it is the man himself, not his departed uncles, who counts with his friends. Relationships must, of course, appear a little more important to the gallant bridegroom-elect, seeing that he has inherited two or three ample fortunes from kinsmen who are no more.



MISS FRASER-TYTLER, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. ALLAN CAMERON.

Miss Fraser-Tytler is the only daughter of the laird of Aldourie, Inverness-shire.

Photograph by Keturah Collins.

That accounts, no doubt, for his having assumed "Dick" as name, and dropped the "Hume" to which he was born. He is a rare good sportsman, and one of the best of hosts. Blessed with a charming bride he will be even more successful as host.

The Cus-Cus Earl.

It would not be surprising if Lord Shaftesbury were to find a message from the King of Spain apropos of his thirty-ninth birthday this week. There was just a chance that, through attending King Alfonso during a run with the Cheshire Hounds last December, he would not see another anniversary. He had a bad spill, which left him with a shattered collar-bone.



THE ENGAGEMENT OF LORD KILMOREY'S HEIR: VISCOUNT NEWRY, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS ENID ASSHETON-SMITH.

There will soon be no bachelor elder sons of Earls left in Society. One of the last to become engaged is Lord Newry, the good-looking heir of Lord Kilmorey. Lord Newry and his only sister, Lady Cynthia Needham, have both become engaged at much the same time, and they will probably be married in the same month—that is, in October. The future Lady Newry is Miss Enid Assheton-Smith, a Welsh heiress, and the daughter of Mrs. Holdsworth, who last season was a prominent and popular ball-hostess.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

Conservative and Tariff Reformer, yet he is extremely popular among his Radical compatriots—indeed, he is one of the few eminent persons who have received the honour of a public statue erected during their lifetime.

By what Fortune's ever Christian name they call him "Quentin," "Quinton," "Quontin," Captain Quinton (or Quintin) Dick is easily identified. During the last few days he has been inundated with congratulations upon the announcement of his forthcoming marriage with Miss Lorna

But he was soon out and about again, smiling. He inherits the charm and kindly disposition of his philanthropic ancestor, not the manners of some other members of his house. It was to the famous Earl that a sister said, "Now that you have come into the title, you must learn to swear. Your father always did, and gained great respect by it in the county." That was the Lord Shaftesbury who wrote to his steward, "D— you, why don't you answer my letters?" and no doubt got the answer that time, if not the "answer back" of the domestic servant.



A BEAUTIFUL BRIDE-ELECT: MISS NADINE BEAUCHAMP.

Miss Nadine Beauchamp is the second daughter of the well-known Norfolk baronet, whose place, Langley Park, is one of the most charming estates near Norwich. Sir Reginald's two daughters, who both have unusually beautiful and picturesque names, for the elder of the two is called Ginevra, are connected with several noble families, including the Stranges and the Waldegraves.—[Photograph by Weston.]



A LITERARY DISCOVERY: "PAUL WAINEMAN" NOT A MAN!

It has just been announced, to the surprise of a great many people, that Paul Waineman, the writer of several delightful novels of Finland, is a woman, and the wife of a popular English cavalry officer. She belongs to a distinguished Finnish family. Her latest work, which, it is believed, will be even more successful than her previous books, has just been published by Messrs. Methuen, under the title "Summer Tour in Finland."



THE CLUBMAN



HUNTING AT MIDSUMMER—THE SPA COACHING CLUB—JUMPING—DANCING WITH A "MERRY WIDOW" HAT—OSTEND.

SPA, where I have been staying, has been cruelly treated by the Clerk of the Weather, for on what should have been the supreme Sunday of its season the rain came down in torrents all day. The Belgians, like ourselves, make light of a wet jacket, and at the Concours Hippique the officers of the Guides, in green and crimson, with gold lace from their cuffs to their shoulders, went pounding round the oval and over the jumps, making the turf a morass. The high-jumping, however, was quite spoilt, for the cold and rain upset the tempers of most of the horses, and I fancy few people remained to see the parade of coaches.

Spa is very quietly "smart," and everybody seems to ride or drive. Quite early in the morning there is a clatter of hoofs on the stones of the roads, and elderly gentlemen and their daughters, with, as often as not, a young officer in attendance, start out for rides through the avenues. After lunch three times a week in August there is a meet of the drag-hunt, and, at least once a week, a meet of the Coaching Club: I know of no other place in Europe where hunting is obtainable at midsummer, and I fancy that the showers which fall so frequently in the Ardennes, though they may now and again spoil a day's enjoyment, keep the ground so soft that the horses' legs do not suffer. There is no fault to be found with the pace that the hounds run, and the fencing is big enough to satisfy any glutton.

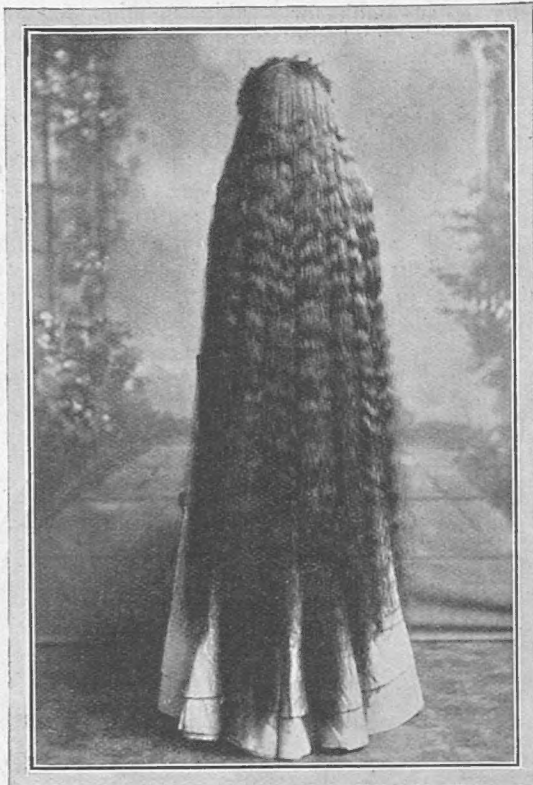
The coaches at Spa are numerous enough and sufficiently well-turned-out to please the most critical eye. It is, perhaps, consoling to Britons—who think that they, and they alone, know anything about putting together and driving a team of four horses—to know that there is a strong British element amongst the owners and the coachmen of the Spa Coaching Club; but the Belgians have learned all we can teach them in coaching. It would be most distressing, after the Belgian officers have taught us how to train horses to go over school-jumps, if some of their amateur whips came to England to show us how to drive. I noticed at the Concours Hippique at Spa that very much what happened at our horse-show occurred there: the officers in uniform, riding horses specially trained to school-jumping, went over the jumps with obvious ease; the men of the Spa Hunt, in pink and green, riding big hunters, had to fight against the eagerness of their horses.

I certainly had seen some of the officers going very well the day before over a fair hunting country, but I doubt whether they were riding horse-show horses.

I was puzzled at first at the ball and cotillion which the Drag-Hunt and Coaching Club gave at the Kurhaus when I noticed that all the pretty ladies who danced held their heads on one side, as though they had cricks in the neck. The explanation, however, was patent directly I observed that they all wore their hats while dancing. All these ladies, Comtesses and Baronnes, were wearing their very smartest hats, of about the circumference of a cart-wheel, and the only way to avoid sawing out the eyes of their partners was to put their heads at such an acute angle that the edges of the hats were above their fellow-dancers' heads.

It is curious to note the difference of type between the visitors to Belgium's two best-known towns of amusement, Spa and Ostend, at which latter place I am at the moment staying. At Spa, the element of out-of-door sport predominates: the men are mostly there because they love horses and hunting, and the majority of the ladies are the leaders of Belgian society. The hours at Spa are early, and the gaming at the tables takes a secondary place in its attractions. At Ostend, the baccarat and roulette and the racing are the chief attractions which bring the men to the town, though there is a leavening of yachtsmen and of the good stolid Belgian *bourgeoisie*.

But the children at Ostend are radiant in comparison with the children at Spa. Most of the little ones who go to the latter town of healing, are pale-faced and have been brought there to drink the strength-giving waters. At Ostend, all the babies have faces as rosy as Normandy pippins. I saw one row of very small, red-cheeked people being buried in sand up to their arms by some bigger children. The victims of this burying-alive were all singing at the tops of their voices, and the diggers laughed so heartily that they could hardly shovel up the sand. Kite-flying seems to have quite ousted diabolo as the fashionable amusement on the Ostend sands. But the kites are no longer the old-fashioned ones which were flown in my childhood, with long tails of tufts of newspaper to keep them steady; they are aeroplanes on the latest scientific lines. Some are box-shaped, and others are bird-shaped, but long tails have apparently entirely gone out of fashion in the kite world.



HAIR THAT REACHES TO THE HEELS: THE REMARKABLE HEAD OF HAIR THAT WON THE FIRST PRIZE AT THE SOUTHEM KURSAAL.

We give here a photograph of Mrs. Dawson, who won the first prize for the finest head of hair in the recent competition at Southend.—[Photograph by S. Edwin.]

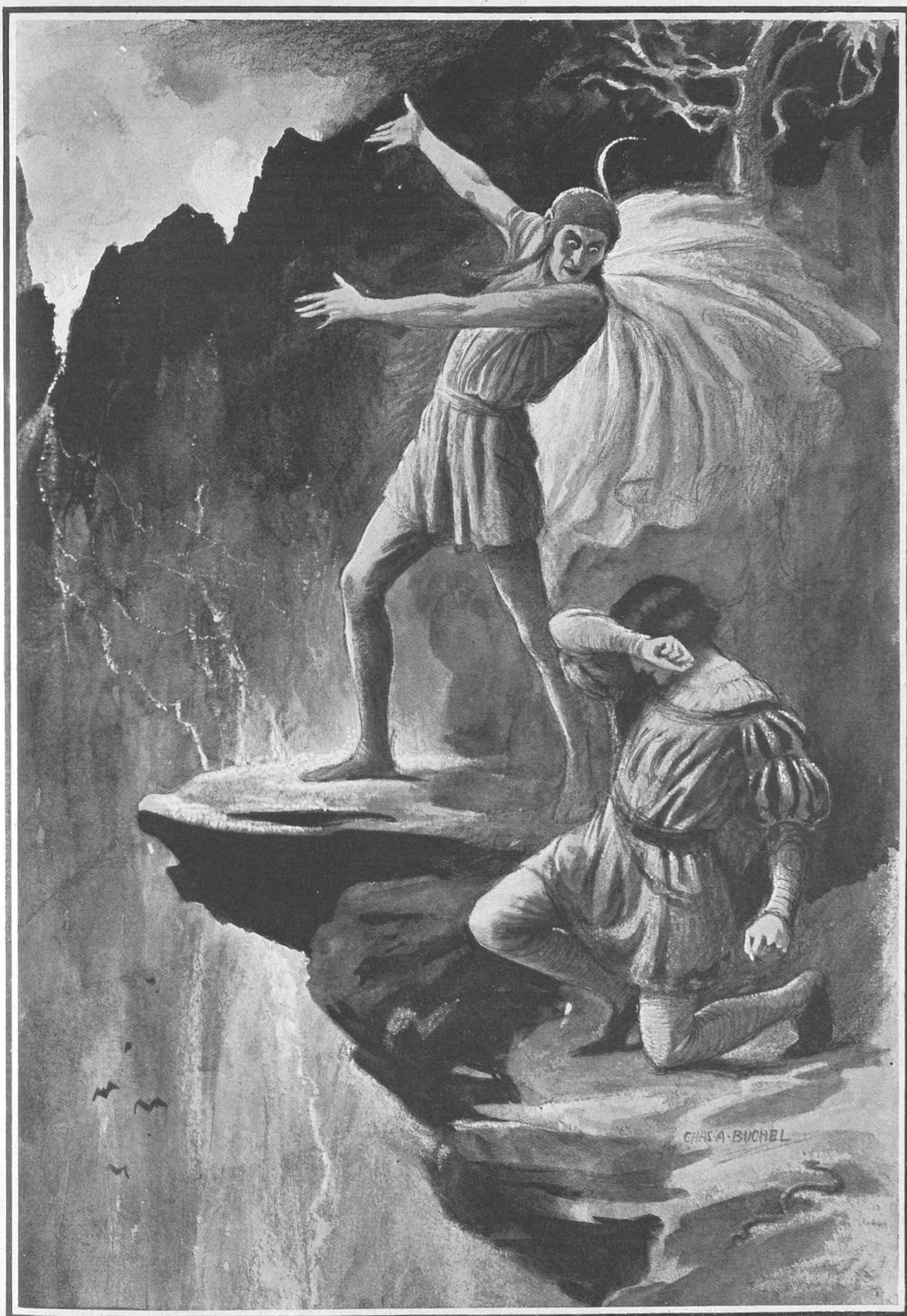


Mr. T. J. Hains. Captain P. C. Hains.

THE UNWRITTEN LAW TRAGEDY ON LONG ISLAND: CAPTAIN PETER CONOVER HAINS, WHO SHOT MR. ANNIS, AND MR. THORNTON JENKINS HAINS, WHO HELD BACK THE CROWD THAT WOULD HAVE INTERFERED.

It will be recalled that, according to the reports from America, Captain Hains, of the 48th Regiment of the United States Coast Artillery, and his brother, Mr. Thornton Hains, the well-known writer of sea topics, went to the Bayside Yacht Club on Long Island and waited for the arrival of Mr. William Annis, editor of "Recreation." When Mr. Annis came ashore the captain, it is said, fired six bullets into his body, while his brother held back, with levelled revolver, the crowd that would have interfered. The unwritten law will be pleaded. Captain Hains alleges that Mr. Annis was unduly intimate with Mrs. Hains, against whom he is petitioning for a divorce, naming Mr. Annis as co-respondent. It is said that the only chance that the brothers have of regaining freedom is in the adoption of a plea of insanity.

MEPHISTO RE-DRESSED FOR THE NEW BROCKEN SCENE.



MR. TREE AS MEPHISTOPHELES AND MR. HENRY AINLEY AS FAUST IN "FAUST,"
WHICH WILL BE PRODUCED AT HIS MAJESTY'S ON SATURDAY NEXT.

Mr. Tree will present Messrs. Stephen Phillips' and J. Comyns Carr's version of "Faust" at His Majesty's Theatre on Saturday evening next. It is certain that the production will be scenically superb and effective, and it is confidently expected that the play itself will prove of exceptional interest. That the acting will be worthy of the subject goes almost without saying, when it is remembered that Mr. Tree himself will be the Mephistopheles; Mr. Henry Ainley, the Faust; Miss Marie Löhr, the Marguerite; and Miss Rosina Fillippi, the nurse.

DRAWN (FROM SKETCHES MADE AT REHEARSALS) BY CHARLES A. BUCHEL.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E.F.S. (Mongole).

THE CENSOR.

AT the date borne by this number of *The Sketch* we shall be in the thick of the new productions. It may seem a little curious to the thoughtless reader that I should ignore these novelties. The rush begins on Monday, and *The Sketch* is published on Tuesday, though dated Wednesday, and herein resides the obvious explanation of my silence. It would have been possible for me to add that so much has been published at the request of authors, actors, and managers before production that it seems almost unnecessary to deal with the novelties after their birth; indeed, except as to Mr. Barrie's play, we have had a prodigious amount of information as to the ideas and ideals and intentions and points of view, and so on, involved in them. To some people, myself included, this is not wholly desirable: it suggests something of an effort to force opinions upon critics, or at least to discount their judgments. However, it is possible that neither critics nor public attach much importance to such *ex-parte* statements, underlying all of which is the vice, neatly referred to in the French phrase, *qui s'excuse s'accuse*.

The matter now agitating the theatrical world is the new outburst against the Censorship. To the journalist there is one excellent reason for the maintenance of the office: it furnishes him with material for much copy at dull moments. This year there has been more of an outcry than ever before within my time. The absurd prohibition of "Waste," one of the few great plays of our times, led to a deputation which, in any country where drama is treated seriously, would probably have borne fruit, seeing that it represented the opinion of nearly all the important men and women of letters in the land. Nothing has come of it, or will. Now there is a new cause for grievance. Mr. Martin Harvey commissioned Mr. W. L. Courtney, dramatist, literary critic of distinction, editor of one of the best of the serious magazines, and dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, to write a drama on the subject of "Œdipus," which has already been handled by the severe Sophocles, also by Aeschylus, and is a subject employed in "Œdipe Roi," which for many years has held the boards in France, and was presented not long ago by M. Mounet-Sully in London. The play has been written, and the performance prohibited.

I have not read Mr. Courtney's play; it can, however, safely be taken that the ground of the prohibition is that the tragedy is founded upon the fact that the unfortunate hero, in entire ignorance, therefore innocence, has married his own mother, Jocasta, or

Epicasta, and is terribly punished for his unwitting crime, the thought of which fills him with the utmost horror and bitterest remorse. How the production of such a work can be *contra bonos mores*, I cannot imagine. It is not difficult to understand why Mr. Redford censured D'Annunzio's drama, "Citta Morta," where the theme is the guilty passion of a young man for a girl whom he knows to be his sister. The distinction between the two works

is obvious. However, Mr. Redford is uncontrollable; moreover, he has an immense amount of support. Many of the managers favour him, some of them because the workings of his policy are such that they have little difficulty in producing any indecent work in which they think there is money; and he stands as a barrier between them and the public, and the police, when they sin against morals or good taste. Their position is a little like that of the barrister, who does not grumble at a law which prevents him from suing successfully for his fees, because the same law prevents him from being sued for negligence, however gross. The matter is the more comic in that many of the prohibited dramas are performed before masses of people. Indeed, some of them have been actually played by the theatrical clubs at theatres holding the license of the Lord Chamberlain, and he does not resent the slight upon his authority by exerting his arbitrary power of cancelling the license. No doubt there are two sides to the question: the abolition of the Censorship might lead to some scandals almost as great as those caused by its retention; this, however, is a matter of mere conjecture. The position is the more cruel because it is impossible to anticipate the decision of the Censor. People of judgment and experience, such as Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. W. L. Courtney, are caught napping, and find works suppressed which they hoped would

be approved. The Censor durst not publish any specific set of rules, because to do so would be to expose—almost admit—the absurdity of his system. No one can get any real guiding rule from the actual decisions, which are, in fact, grotesquely inconsistent. Grossly indecent plays, like "Divorçons" and "Education de Prince," are permitted, presumably because played in French; but an immoral play, such as D'Annunzio's, may not be acted in Italian, and "Monna Vanna," a finely written moral work, was stopped, though not half as indelicate as passages in many of the sanctioned musical comedies. No wonder, then, that there is an outcry. After considering the matter alleged on the other side, the case seems to be one where it is not better to "bear those ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of."



A MUSICAL-COMEDY STAR AS MUSIC-HALL STAR: MISS ADRIENNE AUGARDE, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE TIVOLI IN THE DUOLOGUE "DICK'S SISTER."

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

FORBIDDEN BUT GIVEN: THE BULL VERSUS TIGERS FIGHT

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!")



1. THE BULL CHARGES ONE OF THE TIGERS.
2. ONE OF THE TIGERS AWAITING THE BULL'S ONSLAUGHT.
3. THE BULL NOT PARTICULARLY INTERESTED.

4. ONE OF THE TIGERS RUNS AWAY.
5. THE BULL GETS A TIGER INTO A CORNER, BUT DOES IT LITTLE HARM.

At Marseilles the other day, a fight took place between a bull and tigers. The affair was forbidden by the authorities, but was organised nevertheless, and was to some extent carried out. The exhibition was arranged that cinematograph films might be taken. Much indignation was expressed at the sight, and is still being expressed. The bull was ready enough to show fight, after he had been excited by the onlookers, but the tigers were obviously afraid of their adversary. Eventually, the bull tossed one of the tigers against the bars, and slightly wounded the other with his horns. The tigers then became so wary, so careful to get out of the way, that the fight was ended. Another attempt to get up a fight was made on the following day, but it was stopped by the police, while the showman and his backers were arrested and taken to the police station on a charge of rebelling against the authorities.—[Photographs supplied by the Illustrations Bureau.]



INSURED FOR OVER HALF A MILLION:
THE PRINCESS GHIKA.

A Viennese newspaper states that the Princess is the most highly insured woman in the world. When she was twelve, policies amounting to £520,000 were taken out in twenty-three different companies on her life. According to the same authority, the Grand-Duchess Olga of Russia is insured for £500,000, and the Tsaritsa for £250,000.

the beautiful place near Bray which is the ancestral home of the Plunket family. Among Sir John and Lady Arnott's guests were Lady Edina Conyngham and Colonel Challoner Knox. The twin Miss Arnotts come last in a family of seven children. Through their mother, who is a daughter of the late Sir Frederick Martin William of Tregulow, they are related to many of the oldest families in Cornwall.

Lady Helen Forbes.

Lady Helen Forbes, whose letters to the Press, and articles concerning any public subject of controversy are always read with interest, if not with a perfect agreement, is the only sister of Lord Craven.

Few modern women are concerned with so many things, for while a keen sports-woman—a regular rider to hounds, and an enthusiastic motorist—she is an authority on that most scholarly of pursuits heraldry; and several of her novels have been discussed, notably that entitled "It's a Way they have in the Army," written after Lady Helen had spent some years of her life as the wife of that distinguished Scottish officer, Captain Ian Forbes, of the Gordon Highlanders, whom she married seven years ago. Lady Helen is devoted to music, and while still a girl she published a charming volume, entitled "Notes of a Music-Lover."



A TITLED NOVELIST AND JOURNALIST:
LADY HELEN FORBES.
Photograph by Lafayette.

An Imperial Betrothal. An interesting announcement is that of the betrothal of one of the venerable Emperor of Austria's favourite young cousins, the Archduchess Renata, who is the second daughter of the Archduke Karl Stephen. Her Royal Highness, who also bears the very unusual royal name of Philomena, is twenty, and is the second of six children.

ENGAGED TO PRINCE HIERONYMUS RADZIWIŁŁ: THE ARCH-DUCHESS RENATA OF AUSTRIA.

The young Archduchess is the second daughter of the Archduke Charles Stephen, and is thus a cousin of the venerable Emperor of Austria, a niece of the Queen Dowager of Spain, and a first-cousin of King Alfonso. She is twenty years of age. Prince Hieronymus Radziwiłł is allied to royalty, but is not of the royal caste.

Photograph by Dietzner.

She is a niece of the Queen-Dowager of Spain, and thus a first-cousin of the young King. Her future husband is Prince Hieronymus Radziwiłł, a member of the famous clan which, though often allied to royalty, is, nevertheless, in the fourth instead of the first part of the "Almanach de Gotha." It is curious to note how often daughters of the proudest of Imperial houses, that of Hapsburg, deliberately choose to wed out of the royal caste.



TWIN IRISH BEAUTIES: THE MISSES ARNOTT, DAUGHTERS OF SIR JOHN AND LADY ARNOTT.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

The Inventor of Esperanto.

Doctor Ludwig Lazarus Zamenhof must be a proud man to-day. He will not be fifty till next year, and yet he has invented not only a new language, but he has turned what was at one time almost universal derision into respect and admiration. At the recent Esperanto Congress many of the great ones of the earth united to do him honour, and next year Esperantists will meet not only in Europe, at Barcelona, but also in America, where the universal language has many enthusiastic supporters. Dr. Zamenhof comes of that long-enduring and most gallant race—the Poles—and at Warsaw he is affectionately known to a very wide circle of faithful patients, not as the inventor of the "auxiliary language," as he quaintly styles it, but as a skilful oculist who delights in relieving pain.



THE INVENTOR OF ESPERANTO: DR. LUDWIG LAZARUS ZAMENHOF.
Photograph by Otto Mayer.

A MOUNTAIN YOU CAN STEP OVER:
THE MATTERHORN IN A GARDEN.



IN THE ALPS, OXFORD: A SNOW-CLAD MOUNTAIN THOUSANDS OF FEET BELOW THE SNOW LEVEL.

Our photograph was taken in a remarkable garden in the county of Oxford, and shows the extraordinary Alpine garden that is a part of it, with its miniature Matterhorn. Writing of it the other day, "M. W." said: "The masses of rock—of which upwards of 10,000 tons were specially brought from Yorkshire—are carpeted with lovely flowers and leaves in spring-time. Sparkling torrents rush down from the heights. The mountain's peak stands out as boldly as though it were indeed 5000 feet above the snow-field at its base." A photograph of the real Matterhorn appears on our "After Dinner" page.—[Photograph taken for "The Sketch" by Topical.]

The Five that Fascinate: The Senses.

III.—HEARING.

DRAWN BY MARION D. MORGAN.

IN MISS EVIE GREENE'S SHOES IN "HAVANA."



MISS ENID LEONHARDT, WHO IS PLAYING CONSUELO AT THE GAIETY.

Miss Leonhardt has been playing Miss Evie Greene's part in "Havana" for the past month, and is to continue to play it until the run of the piece comes to an end, which seems likely to be a long time hence. It was originally arranged that she should go on tour with Mr. Herbert Sleath, to play Diana in "A White Man," but her success as Consuelo caused an alteration of plans. Miss Leonhardt has been on the stage three years, and is nineteen.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

The "Useless" British Association.

We shall all turn to the *Times* to-morrow for a full report of the opening to-day of the British Association at Dublin. We should have looked in vain for any such recognition of the Association in its earlier days. Of the first meeting the deity of Printing House Square took no notice, except in a leader to point out the "uselessness" of such bodies and their meetings. Times have changed indeed, and could Brewster and Buckland see the tremendous organisation into which their bantling has grown, they would scarcely believe their senses. It was quite the humblest of societies which they began. Just a few wise men met at York, resolved to try the practicability of building a small craft in which the united crew of British science could sail. The craft, when launched, would probably have been swamped in a sea of contempt had not Buckland dignified it by making Oxford one of the first of its ports of call.

The Eternal Feminine.

As to reach to-day's meeting has necessitated a sea-passage, possibly there will be fewer women present than usual. Whether the scientific proceedings or the picnics interest them the more it would be too daring to guess, but it is a fact that, ordinarily, there are more women than men at the B.A. assemblies. This is interesting in view of the circumstance that the most anxious problem at the outset was whether women should be admitted to the deliberations. It was felt that some of the subjects could not, with propriety, be freely discussed in the presence of women, while Buckland had the fear that ladies would simply turn the whole thing into a sort of "Albemarle dilettanti meeting" instead of a serious philosophical union of men. But the ladies seem to have decided for themselves, and to-day they predominate at the annual conferences. Three years ago, the members in Africa, apparently not satisfied with the numbers of ladies present, went out for more, and were present at a native marriage in the Kaffir location of Henley. There the anthropologists had good excuse for their study of primitive man, but the costumiers would scarcely learn anything. Most of the ladies of the tribe were draughtily garbed in few beads and small.

The Crossed-Pen Crest.

A letter by the Japanese mail affords one an interesting evidence

of the way in which our Allies are being Anglicised. It is from the University at Mita, Tokyo, and is in perfect English—all but the last word of the postscript, where our double "r" proves fatal, as in the spoken word, to the Japanese: here the double "l" is written. But the significance of the letter is in the heading. This is in English print, Roman capitals, and script. The highest interest is in the crest. As we all know, the pen of Japan is a dainty brush, which the craftsman wields with inimitable deftness. Here, in the crest of this University, however, appears the keystone of Westernising. The crest of the University is two English steel pens, crossed.



A MOUNTAIN YOU CANNOT STEP OVER: THE REAL MATTERHORN. For comparison with the imitation Matterhorn shown on an earlier page of this issue.

Photograph by Krenn.

"The Woman in White."

There was more romance behind the story of "The Woman in White," than Mr. Hall Caine's reference to it would lead one to suppose. A tragedy is suggested in the Life of Millais, where the biographer tells of the first meeting of Wilkie Collins and his heroine. He and the painter were walking home late one night, when they were arrested by a piercing scream. A lovely woman, clad in robes of shining white, ran as if in terror from the garden of a villa near which they were passing. Seeing the young men, she rushed towards them, then stayed in an attitude of agitation and supplication. She paused for an instant, then fled from their sight.

The Unwritten Tragedy.

"I must see who she is and what is the matter," said the novelist, and dashed after her. Millais waited long for him, but he did not return. Next day, he was reluctant to speak of the adventure, but Millais was able to gather that the fugitive was a young lady of good birth and position who had accidentally fallen into the hands of a man living in a villa in Regent's Park. There, for months, she had been kept in a gilded prison, "under threats and mesmeric influence of so alarming a character that she had not dared to attempt escape." On this night, however, she had been goaded into desperation overmastering fear, and had fled from the brute, who, poker in hand, had followed her, threatening to dash out her brains. Her after-story seems to have been sadder than the novel would have us believe, and the artist's biographer leaves to the imagination of his readers the filling-in of details.



THE SULTAN'S OWN "SCOTS GREYS": ABDUL THE NOW-BLESSED'S CAVALRY.

A Constantinople correspondent points out that in the Sultan of Turkey's cavalry guard are no fewer than eleven officers who have Scottish names. Among them are a MacDonald, a Fraser, a Tulloch, a MacBride, a Galloway, and a Dougal.

CANNY CANUTE: HIS DAILY LIFE—I.



AUNT JOSEPHINE: You naughty boy, you. Your dog's trying to bite me.

CANNY CANUTE: Ah, Miss, pray don't be alarmed. That dog always did have such a sweet tooth!

DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MISS FANNY FIELDS, or "Happy Fanny Fields," to quote the programme of "The Girls of Gottenberg," in which, after playing Mitzi at the Adelphi, she is acting in the provinces, offers in her own person a striking example of the barrier which exists between the theatre and the music-hall in London. In vaudeville she is a star, "a top-liner," to use the vernacular of that world, while most theatre-goers were ignorant of her claims to recognition, and in some quarters she was even hailed as an American actress, though she has been continually before our public for the last seven years. Before that, it is true, she was a star in the company playing "The Hired Girl," in America. Her part was a very small one at first, but the introduction of a Dutch accent, and the cleverness of her characterization induced the manager to tell her to do whatever she liked with it, in the same way as Sothorn was told he might build up Lord Dundreary in "An American Cousin." Miss Fields did this with the result that an insignificant part became the leading character, and she found herself a star at the early age of sixteen. Her originality brought its reward. To perform by herself was her desire, and so pronounced was her success on our variety stage, that she was sought after for pantomime, in which she earned fresh laurels. Playgoers in several provincial cities have been agreeably surprised with her performances in pantomime, and London had the opportunity of seeing her at the Adelphi last Christmas with Mr. Malcolm Scott. This year she is to be in the pantomime at Newcastle-on-Tyne. The title of "Happy" was bestowed on her by the manager of "The Hired Girl" company, because the sunniness of her disposition induced him to declare that she was "the happiest little girl in America." He called her "Happy" in private, and eventually put the adjective into the playbills, where it has remained ever since. Among her varied experiences, Miss Fields can recall with satisfaction that she was once the direct cause of saving many lives. She was acting in Troy, New York State, when the scenery behind her caught fire. There was the inevitable commotion on the stage, as the employees rushed to the places assigned to them in the fire drill, while the men and women in the audience jumped to their feet ready to make an ugly rush towards the doors, with the certain attendant panic in which many people must have suffered injury, if they were not killed. Instead of seeking her own safety in flight, Miss Fields advanced to the footlights and broke into one of her most popular songs. The audience, seeing her so composed, gathered confidence, and eventually the fire was put out without any disturbance.

Mr. Vincent Sternroyd, who made so great a success as Chateau Reynaud in "The Corsican Brothers," when it was first produced by Mr. Martin Harvey, that he has been engaged to play it again at the Adelphi, when the piece is revived next Wednesday, was for a long time a member of the late Sir Henry Irving's company. From the great actor he naturally had many valuable hints, not the least important of which is conveyed in a story which he tells, even though it is to a certain extent against himself. With Sir Henry, he used to play, in "Waterloo," the part of the Colonel who gives the old man a five-pound note. Speaking to him about his performance, Sir Henry said one day, "You play the part very well, but I think you might be just a little more sympathetic." Mr. Sternroyd at once set to work to be a little more sympathetic. When he came to the scene the next night, and was endeavouring to follow his instructions, Sir Henry murmured under his breath—"Yes, yes; but for Heaven's sake don't cry about it, my boy."

Many men who write theatrical stories have, it has been said, had occasion to rejoice that actors and dramatists do not often reiterate the poet's prayer—

Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!

or, that they do not act up to the expressed desire. An amusing instance of this happened, years ago, to Mr. C. W. Somerset, who is playing Saunders, in "Idols," which begins this evening at the Garrick Theatre. In the early part of his career, whenever he was cast for a part, he used to go out into the highways and the byways and endeavour to find and study the type of character to which it was related. On one occasion, he was cast for a drunken "newspaper man." Never having met one, and finding



DRIVEN TO LONDON—AND WELCOME! MR. JACOB P. ADLER, THE JEWISH IRVING, AS "THE JEWISH KING LEAR."

Mr. Adler, whose season at the Pavilion, Mile End, has aroused so much interest, is generally known as the Jewish Irving. In America he had his own theatre, but he has decided to leave the United States for good and all, as, he says, unions of various kinds make his work impossible. He may stay in London, but is more likely to settle in Russia, or elsewhere on the Continent.—[Photograph by Byron.]

to which it was related. On one occasion, he was cast for a drunken "newspaper man." Never having met one, and finding himself unable to discover the type in his walks abroad, he resolved to have recourse to the author of the piece, who was also a journalist, and a not altogether unworthy type of the character in question. Mr. Somerset set himself deliberately to copy the appearance of the author in his "make-up," and to reproduce so many of his mannerisms that every member of the company recognised the model from which he had drawn, and wondered at his audacity in getting so close to the original. The only man who was ignorant of the imitation was the author himself. When the play was finally produced, Mr. Somerset made a splendid success, and won the greatest praise from the author, who finished his remarks with, "But, you know, my boy, such a being as you have represented never existed on this earth."



A SALOME WHO HAS ROUSED CONTROVERSY.
MISS MAUD DENNIS.

Miss Maud Dennis, one of the many Salomes of the music-hall stage, met clerical opposition recently, but has survived it, and is more popular than ever. She is touring the country.

Photograph by Foulsham and Hanfield.



SINGER OF "WON'T YOU COME TO ME IN CANADA?" MISS KITTIE RAYBURN.

Miss Rayburn is meeting with much success with her chorus song, "Won't You Come to Me in Canada?" A copy of the song was accepted by the Prince of Wales the other day.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

A CROWN RISE.



BRONCHO BILL (with enthusiasm): I see yer!

THE TENDERFOOT (unaccustomed to Western enthusiasm): Well, I ain't doin' anythin' wrong, am I?

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

RARETY rules the market in autographs no less than the market in jewels. It is a fairly fixed fate that a man who writes many letters discounts their value in the sale-room, and there is no De Beers Syndicate to regulate the penman's output. Perhaps that is one reason why a Gladstone letter is worth much less than a Disraeli letter, for Disraeli's rule was never to answer with his own hand the note of a stranger—he lost no time in replying to it! That is the rule, but the case of John Ruskin seems to offer an exception.

In a magazine article we are told by that great Ruskin expert, Mr. Cook, that he himself must have read ten thousand letters written by the Master. Yet the price of Ruskin letters is always well maintained, as I who tried to secure the last that came into the market, and was heartlessly outbidden, know to my cost. No doubt the charge against the nineteenth century that it killed letter-writing by its cheap travel-communication, its penny post, and its sixpenny telegram, is, in the main, true; but Ruskin's letters will be read when Lord Chesterfield's are only read about; and when Wellington's have ceased to make a man (even a John Henry Newman) "burn to be a soldier." The human note in a letter is its sure hope of continuance—the vital spark which not even ink could drown. That is why an illiterate letter of Nelson's Emma Hamilton will always find more eager suitors than will stand in a stuffy auction-room to secure an almost classic composition by sexless Lady Mary or by Madame de Sevigné.

The poems of André Chénier, which, with few exceptions, were not originally published until twenty-five years after he was guillotined, are only now being collected into a complete and worthy edition. Chénier, for the average Englishman, is a figure belonging to Covent Garden. Knowledge of the opera founded upon his heroic and tragic story serves instead of knowledge of his work, just as our knowledge of many an English classic stops short of anything more than biographical gleanings. How many of us who know that Milton was blind have ever troubled ourselves to discover what it was he wrote for us under the title of "Paradise Regained"?

But Chénier is a poet who has made a very definite appeal to his countrymen. If no very complete edition has been published till this year, there have been many others that have been scattered up and down the length of France. It was one of these that fell into Corot's paint-besmeared hands. Corot was no great reader; living during all the period dominated, in a literary sense, by Victor Hugo, he yet was hardly conscious of him. "They tell me this Victor Hugo is very successful," was as far as his knowledge went, and you might say it of — and —; but to Chénier, whom accident brought into his view, his heart immediately opened, and the

poet who inspired an opera also inspired a picture from Corot's exquisite brush.

Mapledurham is one of the loveliest houses on the Thames, and it has its literary memories. Thither went from London Pope's friend, Martha Blount—thither to "dull aunts" and "old-fashioned halls." Times have changed, for nowadays we often wish our aunts to be a little less sprightly, and the old-fashionedness of our halls is no longer a demerit. The place has been owned by Blounts in direct male succession ever since William the Conqueror's reign until the other day, when Mr. Darell-Blount was killed in a carriage accident. His nephew, Mr. Edward Riddell, who succeeds him, has himself a connection with literature, being a director of the publishing firm of Burns and Oates; and it is not impossible that he may yet confer a favour on lovers of Pope by ferreting out some of the yet unpublished letters of the poet to Martha Blount known to lurk in the chests of Mapledurham.

The two-hundred-paged book devoted to the history of the association of Edward FitzGerald with "Posh," the fisherman, is, it must be confessed, chiefly interesting as an illustration of the lengths to which literary enthusiasms may be followed. Two hundred pages can be pleasantly beguiled by anything or nothing, so long as the writer on nothing, or anything, has a free hand. But when two hundred pages must be covered by a definite subject, and that subject is insufficient, it matters very little how skilfully the work be done. "Posh" and FitzGerald, and their herrings, might have made a book if they had been but newly discovered, and if "Posh" had been of such a nature that he contributed himself to the gaiety or gravity of nations.

But many of Edward FitzGerald's letters to his partner in the fishing business had been

published, the whole story was already familiar, and "Posh" was a being of essentially unromantic and commonplace character. It may be argued that the more commonplace and uninspired "Posh" proved himself to be, the more interesting his communion with FitzGerald, and FitzGerald's friendship for him. But surely it is special pleading to argue that there was anything very novel in the association. Stevenson held up every beggar on the highway for conversation; most great men have argued with their landlords or landladies, and the whole art of the day, from Mr. Pett Ridge's to Mr. de Morgan's, testifies to a perfect understanding by the literary mind of the "lower orders" of humanity. Did we accept the "Posh" incident as being indicative of any very unusual state of mind in the translator of Omar, we should surely never cease to marvel at the understanding of, say, a Dickens, for "Posh's" uncles and aunts and cousins.

M. E.



BERTIE: Why on earth do you wear such loud socks, old man?
CHOLLIE: To prevent my feet from going to sleep.

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

"THE SKETCH," COSTUMIÈRE: DRESS NOT SEEN AT THE SEASIDE.



WHY WASTE COSTUMES OF THIS TYPE ON THE MUSIC-HALL, WHEN THEY COULD BE SUBSTITUTED FOR THE EXISTING UN-BEAUTIFUL BATHING DRESSES?—THE GREEK.

Setting by "The Sketch"; photograph of Miss Winifred Barnes by Bassano.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE OBJECTIVE METHOD.

By J. SACKVILLE MARTIN.

"H I, Dick, come 'ere!"

Mr. Richard Cobb turned at the sound of the voice, and saw his fellow loafer, Mr. Sidney Webb, standing outside the kitchen window of the Three Crowns, and evincing every evidence of strong excitement. Mr. Cobb was interested at once. Both he and Sidney had been forced to leave the bar parlour only a few minutes before for want of cash (their credit had been exhausted long ago) to obtain a modest half-pint. In consequence, they were in a depressed and misanthropic mood, and Sidney's excitement under the circumstances appeared so extraordinary to his friend, that he hurried in the direction of the window with the speed of a gold-miner eager to stake out a claim.

"Wot is it?" he inquired breathlessly.

Mr. Webb merely pointed. Following the direction of his finger, Dick became aware that there was a small hole in the pane, not large enough to admit two fingers though sufficiently large to allow one to pass. Further, he observed that a deal table was pushed against the window so that its surface was on a level with this aperture. And further (and this was the important point), that upon that table, some five inches away, lay a key, which his practised eye detected at once as the key of the beer-cellar—the beer-cellar which was approached by a flight of steps in the yard; Mr. Stubbs, the landlord, having a theory that in this way it was possible to keep the beverage cooler during the hot summer months.

Mr. Cobb regarded it for a moment in silence. Then he turned to his companion with an expression of injury.

"Wot did you say 'Come 'ere' for?" he demanded. "That's the key, sure enough. But we can't get at it. Wot use is it to us?"

Mr. Webb, who had been making desperate efforts to introduce his finger far enough through the hole to reach the desired object, turned shamefacedly.

"It's no go," he said. "I called when I saw it first. I called too soon, I admit. But I were that excited when I seed it—"

"Fat 'ead!" said the injured Mr. Cobb with an immensity of scorn.

"Think! Think!" said his friend desperately, too much in earnest over the main question to take notice of the insult. "There's the 'ole, and there's the key. There must be some way of reaching it."

They thought. But their mental efforts were not equal to the occasion. They tried a piece of string, but without success. It was evening, and the kitchen was darkened. They could not be sure how far away the servant, or even—horrible thought!—the mistress of the place might be. They dared not break the pane, for fear of attracting attention. Besides, such a course would involve awkward questions afterwards, and Mr. Webb, who had notions on the law of burglary, declared that whilst one might take the key if it could be done without damage to property, the breaking of glass constituted a felony. Under the circumstances, there seemed nothing to be done but to abandon their hopes; and they turned away disconsolate.

"Wot's to be done now?" said Mr. Cobb, staring down the village street. "There's the 'ole blooming evening before us, and not the price of a pint between us."

"There's a meeting down at the school-room," suggested Mr. Webb, without enthusiasm. "Wot they calls a tent-meeting, or some such foolishness. Parson's got a chap down from Lunnon to preach about temperance. There ain't nothing else to do."

"Ah, well," said his friend, "a temperance meeting is just the place for chaps like you and me, wot 'asn't got the price of a quart. We might as well go and 'ear wot 'e 'as to say."

They drifted down the street in the direction of the lighted school-room. When they reached the door, they drifted in. A pale-faced young man with an inviting smile assured them, in a tone that somehow conveyed a reflection, that "All are welcome." They took their seats upon the well-filled benches.

Temperance in Framly was obviously most in favour among the female portion of the population. The girls of the Rector's Sunday-school class were well in evidence in pretty frocks and sashes. But there were men there also—young men who sported blue ribbon in their button-holes and listened with earnest attention to the exhortations of the lecturer, a tall, gaunt man, who expatiated with an enthusiasm that made the Rector, who occupied the chair, a trifle uncomfortable. Temperance, as good Mr. Parton understood it, did not exclude a modest glass of claret at dinner; and he was scarcely prepared for the unsparing denunciations of even the mildest beverages, which the bearded man was pouring forth.

In truth, Mr. Hawksley, the lecturer, was one of those good men who allow their enthusiasm to abolish their sense of humour. His proceedings were worth watching. He had before him two tables. Upon the one was laid out an assortment of nails of various sizes. The other was covered with flowers. In his hand he held a magnet. He proceeded to explain that the nails were intended to represent the souls of men upon this mundane planet; whilst the flowers showed forth what they might become in a state of grace. Divine Providence was represented by the magnet; and from time to time, by way of exhibiting its powers, he would lift a nail from the table whereon it lay and deposit it among the flowers.

He demonstrated that the smaller nails—by which he intended to convey the souls of younger people—could be lifted far more easily than the larger ones. Youth, therefore, was the time for grace. He showed that a nail attached to a pack of cards could not be lifted at all. And a whole string of nails attached to the neck of a whiskey-bottle had no chance. They rushed eagerly at the magnet, it was true, but fell back against the neck of the bottle, backsliding lamentably, when they had reached the limit of their tether. This was the text upon which the lecturer enlarged. And the Rector fell to wondering uncomfortably whether they would have fared any better had the bottle been a claret bottle, rather than one containing the stronger spirit.

At length the lecture came to an end amidst prolonged applause. Mr. Cobb rose impatiently.

"Come away!" he said. "I've 'ad enough of this."

"Fool!" said Mr. Webb, with a suddenness that startled his companion. "We ain't a-going just yet. We're a-going to 'ave a little talk with the gentleman."

"Wotever for?" gasped Dick. But he had no time for more. Wonderingly, he followed his friend, who was already by the platform, speaking hurriedly to the lecturer.

"It were wonderful!" he was saying eagerly. "I ain't been just wot you might call a teetotaler, Sir, but then, I never seed it put like this before. It's seeing what does it. You might 'ave preached and preached, Sir, with respects to you, and I shouldn't 'ave taken no notice; but after seeing them nails!—well, there!"

Mr. Hawksley smiled graciously. The words touched him upon his pet vanity. He himself had devised this method of demonstration and he thought it rather striking. He was pleased, therefore, at

[Continued over leaf]

THE WORLD'S FAIR: BEAUTIES IN BLACK-AND-WHITE.



"SIMONE."
Drawn by Simont.



"MARTHE."
Drawn by Simont.



MME. MARIA GAY.
Drawn by Frank Haviland.



"AN ENGLISH ROSE."
Drawn by Max Cowper.



"LORNA DOONE."
Drawn by G. C. Wilmshurst.



FROM THE QUEEN'S LAND.
Drawn by G. C. Wilmshurst.



MLE. EMMA DESTINN.
Drawn by Frank Haviland.

SAMPLES FROM SERIES: BEAUTY AS GREAT MODERN DRAUGHTSMEN SEE IT.

We are indebted to the "Illustrated London News" for permission to reproduce these examples from its famous series, the "Beauties of the World," "Heroines of Modern Novels," and "Theatrical Celebrities"—series that have aroused great interest. We may add that the series are still running.

this spontaneous testimony to its efficacy; and he beamed upon Sidney as that worthy continued.

"And wot I 'ave to ask you, Sir," said Mr. Webb, "is this. I've got a pal or two as is unconverted men. They weren't 'ere to-night—wouldn't come when I asked them. But if you'd be so good as to lend me that magnet, Sir, I feel sure I could convert them. It wouldn't take me 'arf an hour; and they'd bless you all their lives."

"Really, this is very gratifying," said Mr. Hawksley with a bland smile. He took out his watch and consulted the dial. "I have to leave for London by the eleven o'clock train," he continued. "You can have the magnet with pleasure. But bring it to me, either at the station or at the rectory, where I am having supper."

"Thank you, Sir, thank you," gasped Sidney. He grasped the magnet and turned to the door. Mr. Hawksley called him back, with a kind smile at his enthusiasm.

"You will want some nails," he said, "and some flowers as well."

He helped the forgetful Mr. Webb to both. Sidney received them with further expressions of thanks, and fled. Mr. Hawksley turned to the Rector, who had been busy paying mild compliments to a group of the prettiest of his Sunday-school girls, and intimated that he was ready to accompany him.

"I think," he said, as they walked towards the rectory, "I think I touched them. That little method of mine—so graphic, you know! There was one man who was quite enthusiastic. He borrowed my magnet, in fact, to show the thing to his friends. He seemed deeply affected."

"Yes," said Mr. Parton absent-mindedly. He was thinking of some way in which he might give his wife a hint to remove the nightly bottle of claret from the supper table.

Meanwhile, Mr. Webb, bearing the precious magnet, fled in the direction of the Three Crowns. Mr. Cobb followed him, breathless and perplexed. Not until they had almost reached their destination did light begin to dawn upon his muddled brain, and he became almost equally enthusiastic. A couple of loafers, deceived by the speed at which the two friends passed them into thinking that there must be a fire somewhere, followed in their train. Others joined in also; so that by the time they reached the kitchen window there were at least ten or twelve curious folk, eager and interested spectators.

This was not at all in accordance with Mr. Webb's ideas. He desired no more converts than he could help.

"You go away," he said, turning to the crowd. "There ain't nothing going to happen 'ere."

As they showed no signs of complying with his demand, and as time was precious, he changed his tone.

"See 'ere, lads," he said, "anyone as wants unlimited beer, and can keep his mouth shut on it, can stop. Them as doesn't, might as well go."

Not a man moved.

"That's all right, then," said Mr. Webb, somewhat comforted. "We're all in it; and it isn't felony if you don't break no glass. Anyhow, this 'ere chance is too good to miss."

The kitchen was still dark, but upon the table it was just possible to perceive the key. Mr. Webb applied the magnet to the aperture in the pane.

At five minutes to eleven, Mr. Hawksley and the Rector stood upon the station-platform, outside the door of the compartment which was to shelter the lecturer on his way back to London. Mr. Hawksley consulted his watch.

"I hope that man will bring my magnet back," he said. "It isn't of any great value; but I have used it so often as a means of grace that I have come to have a sort of regard for it. He promised it should be here before the train went."

"No sign of it at present," said the Rector. "I will make enquiries, and will forward it to you if I find it."

Mr. Hawksley was just about to express his thanks, when the sudden sound of cheering in the village street arrested his attention.

"Ooray!" he heard. "'Ooray! 'Oo-o-ray!"

Swiftly the sounds drew nearer. At exactly two minutes to eleven, a crowd of excited men surged upon the platform and made towards Mr. Hawksley. In the centre of the group the flushed face of Mr. Webb stood out in the light which shone from the compartment.

He was far beyond considerations of prudence, and he waved the magnet triumphantly in the air.

"Ooray!" he cried. "'Ere you are, Sir. We should never 'ave got it but for you. 'Ere you are, Sir. You're all right. 'E's all right, ain't 'e, mates? The working man's best friend! Got the blessed key out at the window with the blessed magnet. Oh my! wot a lark. Won't old Stubbs stare to-morrow morning! Ain't it prime! I'm wondering 'ow we got that there key. Oh Lord! the key of 'is blooming beer-cellar. Happlification of science! Oo-o-ray!"

He sobbed as he laid the magnet tenderly in Mr. Hawksley's hand. The scandalised lecturer, upon whose brain some suspicion of the truth was breaking, endeavoured a few words of strong reproof. They were lost in the general cheering. A moment later the engine whistled shrilly. He sprang for the carriage, and was borne off into the night. Far down the line he could still hear the vociferous cheering. No temperance lecturer had ever had a better send-off from Framly. Yet, as he sat in the carriage, he did not seem pleased.

THE END.



TAMMAS (to McTAVISH, whom he has just pulled out of the water): Man, Donald! Ye sud be lookin' happy. Are ye no thankfu' ye're life's saved?

McTAVISH (sourly): I dinna see nae cause to be thankfu'. The glass o' whuskey I had afore I fell intil' the watter's gotten fair droned!

DRAWN BY A. GILL.

BOTH A - NIGGERING AND A - SNIGGERING.



UNCLE TOBY: Fur de Lord's sake, Obadiah, am dis nigger a-fishin', or am dis fish a-niggerin'?

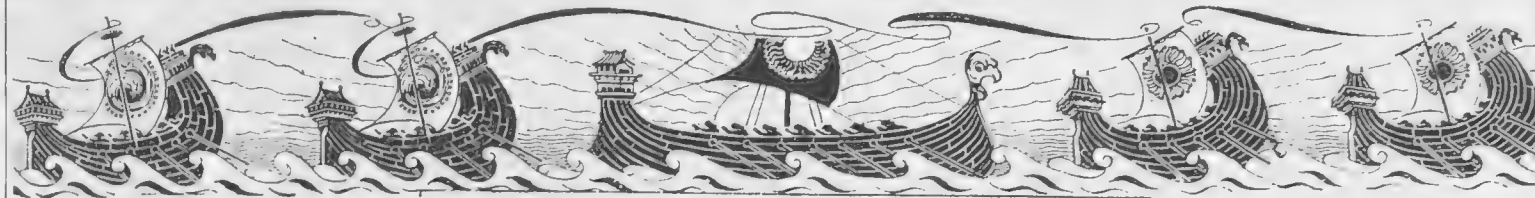
DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

THE KIPLINGS OF THE OTHER SIDE (OF THE FENCE).



NERVOUS SECRETARY: Now then, you boys — off with you!
A VOICE THROUGH THE CHINK: Garn, flannelette!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

PRINCE TRAUTTMANSDORFF, who has been giving the King some good shooting on his estates in Bohemia, is a very great noble indeed. Bischofsteinitz is some forty miles from Marienbad—a mere nothing in these days of motor-cars, especially as the roads are good. The Prince is a popular figure in London society; he was over here, it will be remembered, during the past season, and was present at several of the dinners and dances given in honour of the King and Queen. The Prince is nearly the same age as the King, with whom he has long been on terms of intimate friendship. He married the daughter of the great Italian family of Pallavicini.

The Ightham Tragedy.

Public sympathy has seldom been more acutely aroused than by the terrible loss which Major-General Charles Edward Luard has experienced. After long and valuable service to his country, he was spending the evening of his days in idyllic retirement in a Kentish paradise when the appalling tragedy with which the country has been ringing fell upon him. The murdered lady was the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Hartley, of Gillfoot, Cumberland, and the married life of the devoted couple had lasted almost the days of a generation. Mrs. Luard was, in her prime; a very lovely woman, and as good as she was beautiful. The General is one of the men who do great things for the Empire without their names being blazoned forth for all the world to admire. His work at Gibraltar has by this time become a familiar story, while his efforts for the comfort and convenience of the cavalry at Windsor are a model to military constructors. Perhaps the most notable achievement in which he was concerned, was the damming of the breach in the banks of the Thames, caused by the explosion of gunpowder at Erith. Under his command a company of Royal Engineers repaired the damage in the course of a single tide, and, by so doing, saved the lives of thousands of people in the riverside towns thereabouts.

Members of the royal caste travel much more than they used to do; and this is a particularly fortunate thing for British trade, owing to the fact that England, Scotland, aye, and even Ireland, seem to have become in a very peculiar sense the playground, not only of princes, but of kings. At the present moment the King of Spain is enjoying himself in the Isle of Wight, and several sovereigns and their consorts will, it is expected, make more or less informal visits to London during the coming autumn and winter. As for minor royal personages, they delight in paying incognito visits to London, even in the dogdays, and several of the late Queen's married grand daughters make a point of spending a fortnight of each summer at some quiet British seaside place.

Royal Comings and Goings.

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Important New Engagements.

The August of 1908 bids fair to constitute a record in the matter of important engagements. Not only did Mr. Winston Churchill and Miss Hozier wait till the Harvest Month to make known their forthcoming marriage; but two Peers, and one the Master of the Horse, have also become engaged during the last fortnight. Lord Granard, who has been for sometime among the most popular of bachelors, and in a special sense *persona grata* at Court—will add yet another American Peeress to the Peerage. His fiancée, Miss Beatrice Mills, is a niece of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador, and cousin to the pretty and popular married daughters of Mr.

MARIE ANTOINETTE. THE ARCHDUCHESS MARIE JOSEPHA.



THE ARCHDUCHESS MARIE JOSEPHA.

A GREAT-NIECE OF THE MARTYRED MARIE ANTOINETTE AT THE SCENE OF THE UNFORTUNATE QUEEN'S COUNTRY LIFE: THE ARCHDUCHESS MARIE JOSEPHA VISITING THE TRIANON AT VERSAILLES.

A certain pathetic interest attaches to the visit paid by the Archduchess Marie Josepha to the Trianon. Her Imperial Highness is a great-niece of Marie Antoinette, and is thought, in Vienna, to greatly resemble that martyr Queen. It has become a custom among the members of the Austrian Imperial family to make at least one pilgrimage to Versailles, and when there, they are granted special facilities by the courteous custodian of the Palace, in order that they may see everything there is to be seen connected with the hapless Queen of France, who was, unfortunately for herself, proud of the nickname of "the Austrian" bestowed upon her by the Parisian populace. The Trianon is, of course, the spot most closely connected with the memory of Marie Antoinette, and the picturesque toy village, where the Queen loved to act the part of rustic beauty, is carefully preserved by the French Government.—[Inset photograph of the Archduchess Marie Josepha by Pictauer.]

and Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck—in fact, Miss Mills is said to bear a remarkable resemblance to both Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Walter Burns. Lord Macclesfield is surely one of the youngest Peer bridegrooms on record, for he will not come of age for another eight months. Lord Macclesfield is also a favourite with the royal family, owing to their Majesties' friendship with his grandmother, Lady Macclesfield, and he was chosen to be one of Queen Alexandra's train-bearers at the Coronation. His future Countess, Miss Lilian Boyle, is the only daughter of Major Charles Boyle, of The Priory, Great Milton.

KEY-NOTES

ONE of the interesting events of the winter season is arranged for Dec. 8, when the London Symphony Orchestra will give the first performance of Sir Edward Elgar's first Symphony.

Although the composer is now in his fifty-second year he has reached his present position very rapidly, for down to the close of the last century he was known only to a few. In and round Worcester, where his father was for so many years organist of St. George's Roman Catholic Church, a post to which he himself succeeded in 1885, Sir Edward had made his mark, and was known for his proficiency on several instruments, and as a capable teacher and conductor. His "Variations on an Original Theme" were conducted by Dr. Richter in 1899, and a year later the Birmingham Festival Committee gave him the opportunity to which we owe "The Dream of Gerontius." This work won the unstinted praise of such a hard critic as Dr. Richard Strauss, and established Dr. Elgar's position in Germany as well as Great Britain.

Even before "The Dream of Gerontius" was heard he was said to be at work upon his first Symphony, and we have been told that General Gordon was associated with it much as Napoleon was associated with the "Eroica" of Beethoven, written more than one hundred years ago, before the hero assumed the title of Emperor, to the composer's great disgust. It is to be hoped that we shall learn something of the dates of composition, for Dr. Elgar has shown the influence of many musical forces in the past few years, and unless we know when the Symphony was written it will be hard to form an opinion about it as an expression of the composer's development. Perhaps the programme will throw light on the subject.

The word "programme" serves as a reminder of the change that has come over the arrangements at the Queen's Hall. For some years past the notes have been prepared by Mr. Percy Pitt, the musical director of Covent Garden, and Mr. Alfred Kalisch, the brilliant critic of some half-dozen London and provincial papers. There may well be differences of opinion with regard to the necessity for the analytical programme which tells the

cognoscenti what they can often hear for themselves, and conveys no more to the layman than a treatise on trigonometry would convey to an agricultural labourer. But it is admitted on all sides that Mr. Pitt

and Mr. Kalisch have made their programmes singularly readable and remarkably free from inaccuracy. The difficulty in achieving so much will be best understood by those who read some of the programmes put forward by men who, despite considerable qualifications, cannot work in a hurry, and cannot hit the happy mean between dry technicalities and purple patches that seem strangely out of place in a concert programme. The task of preparing the Queen's Hall programmes has now passed to Mrs. Rosa Newmarch, who writes on many musical subjects in fashion that can hardly fail to attract, and takes a special interest in Russian music and composers.

The Promenade Concerts continue to thrive in spite of what must be a very considerable competition from Shepherd's Bush and Earl's Court, and it looks as though the Moody-Manners season of English Opera at the Lyric will be successful. Visiting the house for an hour the other evening, we found "Lohengrin" being presented by a cast in which only Miss Roger was singing for the second time, the parts of Lohengrin, Telramund, Elsa, and the King being taken by singers who did not appear

when the opera was given last week. This speaks very well for the quality of the company at Mr. Manners' disposal, but it must be

confessed that the chorus is not as good as it was last year. On the first night, the difference was hardly noticeable.

After this week there will be but a scanty allowance of music in the Metropolis. The first few weeks of September are always the emptiest. Everybody is glad to have a rest at the end of July; before it is quite over, the promenade concerts begin, and within a month people are asking themselves why there is such a small choice of musical entertainment. Experts tell us that when the season

closed with the end of July, nine hundred concerts had been given in London. Doubtless this is too many by half, but there is always room in the Metropolis for a few.—COMMON CHORD.



A TURN INDEED: THE REVOLVING PIANIST.

The pianist and the piano are revolved at a great rate, while the pianist, whose stage name is Onaejs, is playing. The performance takes place at the New York Hippodrome.

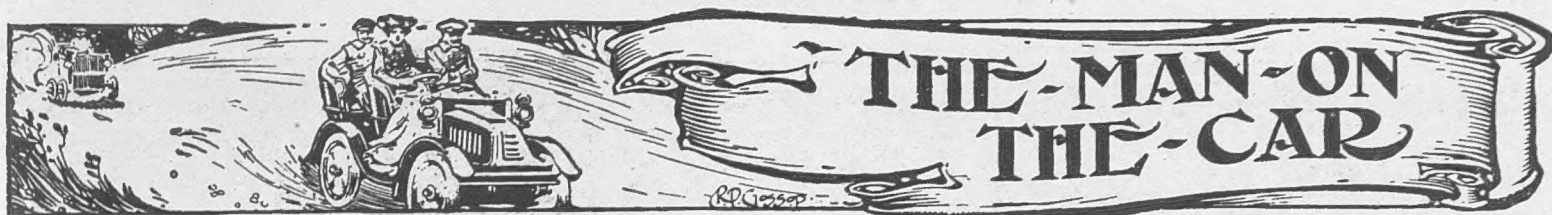
Photograph by Hail.



A CONCERT-ROOM IN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH: THE "QUEEN'S HALL" OF THE POTASH-MINES OF GLUCKAUS.

The room is some 2000 feet below the surface of the earth. Its acoustic properties are said to be excellent. It will hold thirty musicians and an audience of 200. The first concert in it took place a week or two ago.

Photograph by Schiewek-Trampus.

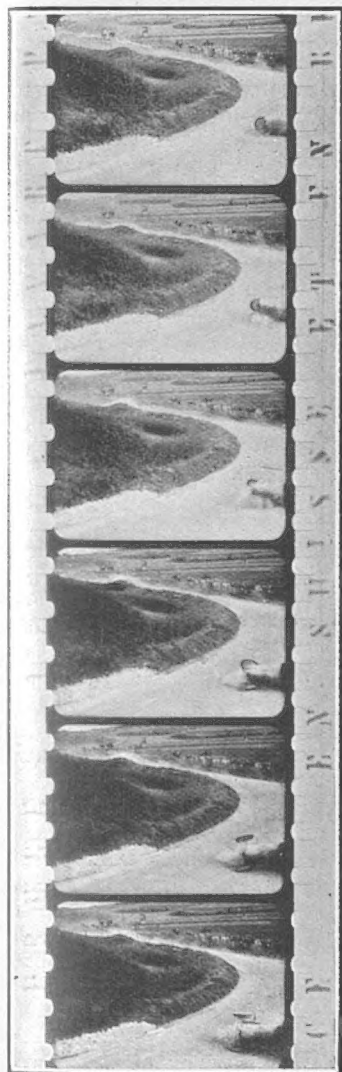


CARBURETTERS, AIR-VALVES, AND AIR-PORTS—THE PERFECT FILTRATION OF PETROL—THE MICHELIN GUIDE TO FRANCE: THE ALL-IN-ALL TO THE MOTOR TOURIST—GROWING FAVOUR OF RUDGE-WHITWORTH DETACHABLE WHEELS.

FOR some time past, the attention of automobile engineers—or, at least, of those of them who have given much attention to the construction of carburetters—has been directed to the production of an automatic valve which, under the influence of the engine-suction, would permit and afford a supply of pure air to a fixed quantity of mixture, proportionately to the speed of the engine. Now, whether these valves have been controlled in their movements and operations by springs or by gravity, they have never proved altogether successful, and have left the perfect carburetter yet to find. In several of the later apparatus, the difficulty of exact carburation at all speeds has been met in part by varying the opening of an air-port in such a way as to pass air in the required volume at any moment, and this arrangement, as in the carburetter fitted to the later six-cylinder Standards, has proved very satisfactory. But for those owners who do not care to go to the expense of costly fittings, and whose cars are provided with carburetters innocent

divine. It is more than probable that the petrol holds matter in solution which it deposits upon the walls of the jet until sufficient has accumulated to arrest the proper flow of the spirit. I sometimes think that a fine-pricker or clearer might be fitted to carburetters, so that they could be passed up the jet from time to time without the disturbance of any part.

Whatever the hand of Michelin finds to do, that he doeth with all his might. It is his earnest strenuousness which is at the bottom of the great reputation borne to-day the world over by the Michelin tyre, and it dominates and permeates all Michelin undertakings, great and small. It is responsible for the care and thoroughness which distinguish his recently published issue of the English translation of the Michelin "Guide to France," without consulting which no British tourist should contemplate a motor-tour across the Channel. Its contents are altogether too voluminous and varied to receive anything like



A MOTOR DISASTER THAT MAY BE MADE TO OCCUR AT ANY MOMENT: PART OF A CINEMATOGRAPH FILM OF A MOTOR ACCIDENT.
(See below.)

conditions the automatic-valve does not operate to any extent, and the engine is forced to run with a much richer mixture than it could do with otherwise and pull equally well. Such a provision is easily and simply made, saves petrol, prevents sooting, and adds to the interest of driving.

Dirt in petrol, of which there is frequently more than enough, is at times a source of so much trouble and annoyance that it pays to take all possible precautions to prevent its arrival at that deadly point, the jet. Petroleum spirit when put up in the familiar rectangular cans is supposed to be, and, I believe, really is, filtered through fine gauze, and upon being introduced to the tank on one's car, is frequently poured through a fine mesh gauze at the bottom of the tun-dish, and the gauze of a pouring filter in the tank itself. Then again, on all modern cars the spirit is caused to pass upwards through a filter introduced on the petrol lead, which filter sometimes presents three or four layers of variously meshed gauze to its flow. Notwithstanding all this, matter sufficient to choke the jet seems to pass from time to time, though just how, and why, it is difficult to



HORSE-POWER TO THE AID OF HORSE: THE NEW AUTOMOBILE HORSE-AMBULANCE IN BERLIN.

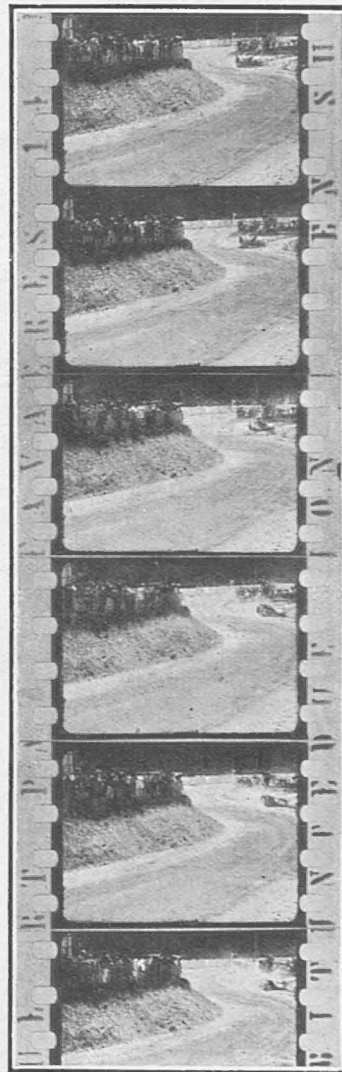
When a horse meets with an accident in the streets of Berlin, this motor-ambulance is now sent to its aid. The invention is proving a great success.—[Photograph by R. Fuchs.]

of any automatic diluting device, improved engine-running and economy can be obtained by forming an air-port in the induction-pipe and controlling the opening of this port from the steering-wheel by Bowden lever and wire. With an arrangement of this kind, engines will be found to work and pull well, when running quite slowly with a very diluted mixture, so long as they are under load. Under such

adequate notice here; but, for the information of the intending tourist, I may say that within its covers will be found motor-lore galore—a great work greatly rendered, and obtainable of the Michelin Tyre Company, Limited, 49-50, Sussex Place, South Kensington, post free 2s. 6d.

Prejudice dies hard; but in the retention of unmechanical wheels to a mechanical carriage it is dying easier than usual. The motorists of to-day are returning to their old fancy of cycle wire-built wheels, now that these, like the Rudge-Whitworth wheel, are made instantly detachable. The most careful consideration and thought have been given to the design, construction, and material of these wheels by Mr. John Pugh, and no better proof of their suitability for motor-cars is required than their selection for fitting to Napier cars. Their endorsement by so brilliant a motor engineer as Mr. M. Napier and so keenly practical a motorist as Mr. S. F. Edge gives them a warranty before all the world.

On this page we give two small sections of a cinematograph-film illustrating a motor disaster. The remarkable way in which these films are reproduced on a screen for the benefit of the many thousands who did not see the incidents recorded may be judged at the Palace Theatre, where the films are shown in company with others. They are the work of the famous firm of cinematograph makers and cinematograph-film makers, Messrs. Pathé Frères, of Paris and London, by whose courtesy we reproduce the sections on this page.



A MOTOR SMASH THAT MAY BE SEEN BY THOSE WHO DID NOT SEE IT: PART OF A CINEMATOGRAPH FILM OF A MOTOR ACCIDENT.
(See below.)



REPOSE IN VARIOUS FORMS: RESTFUL ATTITUDES AT A GERMAN SEASIDE RESORT.

JUMPING PROSPECTS—FUTURE EVENTS.

IT is good news to hear that the Newmarket steeplechases are to be revived, and that Captain MacCalmont is to start a big stud of jumpers, to be trained by Mr. Persse. According to all accounts, the National Hunt season which is about to open will be a very busy one, as many of the flat-race owners intend giving their platers a chance to score over obstacles, and many a five-furlong failure has won over hurdles during the last few years. Robert Gore has a full stable of jumpers at Findon, one or two of them being prospective Grand National winners; while his near neighbour, Captain Saunders Davies, has several jumpers in training at Michel Grove. Willie Nightingall has several smart jumpers under his charge; while Macallister, Wootton, Tabor, Phillips, Kelly, Gleeson, and Parson Parkes have a full complement of horses to train for the winter campaign. Of the Lambourn trainers, Hallick and Martin, will be busy during the winter months, and Clement and Macnee will represent Chilton at the winter game. I am told that Tom Coulthwaite has a very useful stable of horses at Hednesford, and the same remark will apply to his near neighbour, Rooney. The Weyhill stable, so ably presided over by F. Hartigan, should be good to follow throughout the close season, as Cowley, who is one of our most successful cross-country riders, has been retained as first jockey to the stable. Cowley, I should add, reminds one very much of Maher by his methods. Of the Lewes trainers, Escott, Smith, and Fitton will, I expect, be the busiest, while "Jerry" Downes can be relied upon to win races with some of his cheap platers. F. R. Hunt, of Winchester, will, without a doubt, score in his turn. Mr. Whittaker, of Royston, hopes to have a successful season.

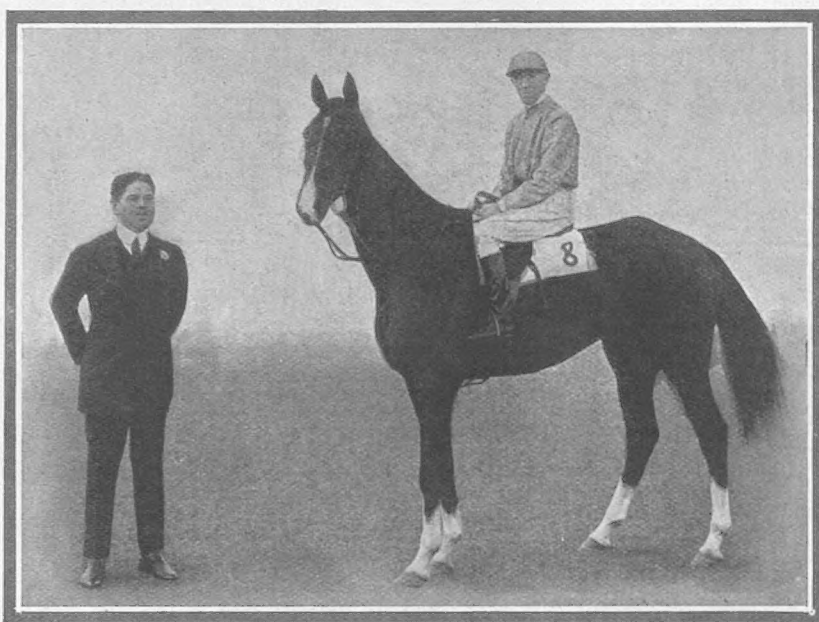
The St. Leger market is freezing up, owing to accidents to some of the leading candidates. Signorinetta may be fit by the day, but I doubt it, and one or two others are under a cloud. The race seems likely to resolve itself into a match between Your Majesty and Ebor, but if

the first-named is fit and well on the day, he is very likely to be a screaming hot favourite, as he is a real classic colt. Bardolph, who will be ridden by Maher, must be treated in the light of the dangerous outsider if there is to be a turn-up; but I cannot look upon his chance as being equal to that of Mr. J. B. Joel's colt, and there would have to be a badly run race to give him any chance. Of the Kingsclere pair, Primer is considered to be better than Courtesy. If a stayer, Norman III. ought to put up a respectable show, while Pom and Bembo can stay every yard of the course. But the two last named are just a notch below St. Leger class. His Majesty the King will see the race, and there should be a monster crowd on the Town moor; but I am afraid that the contest will be below average in the matter of interest. Already several horses are talked of for the Autumn Handicaps, but we shall know more about their chances after the weights are issued next week. For the Cesarewitch, Baltinglass is a big tip, and if he gets in the race with 8 st., or under, he may go close. Glacis, who is trained by the Hon. George Lambton, is fit and well, and as a Chester Cup winner must stay the distance all right. Pillo may get too much weight, a remark that will apply to Eider. A street-corner tip for the race is

Royal Dream, a very nice horse when fit. The great betting event of the year will, as a matter of course, be the Cambridgeshire, which, by-the-bye, may be influenced by the result of the longer

race. Malua, who was so unluckily beaten by Land League last year, is favourite in the Continental lists, and is very likely to win if not overweighted. Procope and Ebor are both fancied, while the French horse, Monitor, has been inquired for. He is a bit above the average, and it is said he is as good as ever he was. Poor Boy, a useful sprinter, may not stay the distance, a remark that will apply to Mercutio. If Land League runs, he is certain to have a following.

CAPTAIN COE.



A SULTAN WHO FOLLOWS THE SPORT OF KINGS: HIS HIGHNESS THE SULTAN OF JOHORE WITH HIS DURBAR, WINNER OF THE SINGAPORE DERBY.

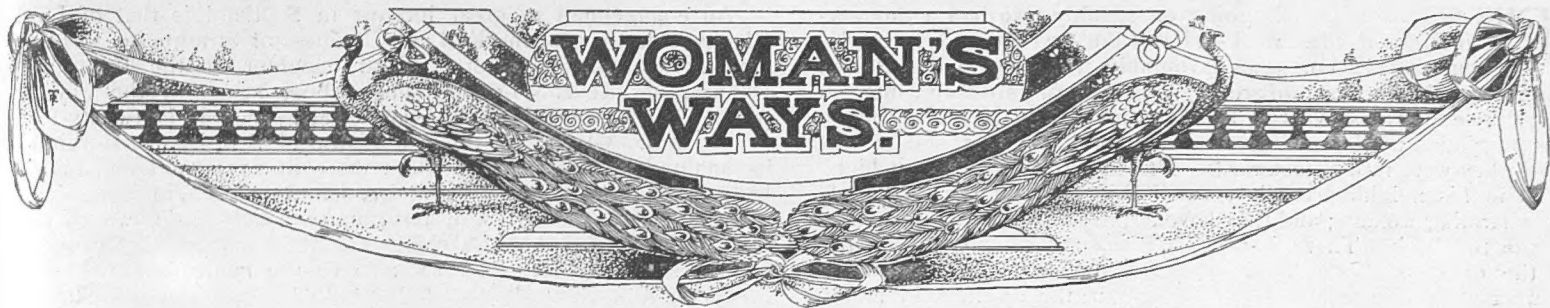
Durbar carried nine stone, and covered the mile and a half in 2 minutes 41 and 2-5 seconds. It was trained by W. H. Ross, the jockey who is here shown up. The Sultan of Johore will celebrate his thirty-fifth birthday soon. He is distinguished among the great feudatory princes who enjoy the protection of the British Crown for his keen interest in racing. The equable climate of his principality in the Malay States is suitable for horse-breeding. But, indeed, his Highness's interest in the "noble animal" is not confined to racing, for, like most racing men, he is keen on polo, as well as on riding and driving. Nor has he been able to resist the charms of the automobile; while he has also found time to become, at his palace near Singapore, a practical dairy-farmer.



FRESHWATER SAILORS: LADIES OF A BERLIN ROWING-CLUB ABOUT TO SET OUT FOR A TURN ON THE RIVER.

The costume of the ladies is well worth noting.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Our Pleasant Vices.

I am pleased to see that the early-morning cup of tea is being condemned by certain members of the medical profession as a "terrible evil." It only wanted this professional stigma, to make it not only a luxury, but a necessity of our daily existence. For human nature is so constructed that we do not thoroughly enjoy anything until we are tolerably certain that it is bad for us, or, at any rate, that a number of our contemporaries look upon our indulgence in it with a hostile eye.



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FOR THE EVENING.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Scotland" page.)

ing. How many excellent middle-class Englishwomen, I wonder, took to smoking because of the opposition which was shown to it in the early days, and have now abandoned the practice, since no one is any longer shocked at a woman smoking a cigarette? No cause ever triumphed except through martyrdom, and to suffer, ever so slightly, for our pleasant vices, is to become indissolubly attached to them.

Pity the Poor Dukes.

There are many things which compensate us for not wearing the strawberry-leaves, the chief reason being that Dukes and Duchesses (especially if they are large land and house-property owners) always feel so embarrassingly poor. This is especially evident when they first succeed to their honours and estates, for it is clear that the present heavy death duties are felt acutely by the millionaires in our peerage, so that noblemen who own a considerable slice of London are as hard put to it, as ready to confess to being short of money, as any gay subaltern in a smart cavalry regiment. I never heard of a Duke succeeding a rich relative without feeling a sense of pecuniary disaster. For everything, after all, is in proportion, and the present Duke of Devonshire, who has been apologising to his Sussex tenants and neighbours for having to sell his flocks and herds, feels, no doubt, just as "hard up" as a Surbiton City-man who has suddenly to put down his gig, or a retired officer's widow who has to dispose of her trinkets. Hence it is obvious that perfect contentment is never the lot of the rich and great, and that the mediocre person with a modest balance at the bank has as good a chance of keeping cheerful as any belted Earl of them all.

Your Face is Your Fortune.

The Beauty-competition seems to be yearly gaining in favour, though it is difficult to envisage the particular kind of complacency, the precise attitude of mind of those who take part in these sea-side shows. What kind of being is it that, emerging from a

decent obscurity, will stand under a dazzling shaft of limelight at the end of a pier, and allow himself—or herself—to be applauded or hooted by his—or her—own contemporaries? In the case of girls and young women, indeed, the thing is comprehensible; but it must require rare moral courage—or complete fatuity—in a young man to undergo such an ordeal. In ancient Greece, when beauty was worshipped as one of the highest virtues, such a competition would have been part of the national life and thought, and would have been no more amiss than the annual contests for physical prowess. The highest type of English beauty is, in man and woman, equal to that of ancient Hellas, but it must require a curious effrontery for these modern "beauties" to put their charms, as it were, up to auction.

What is an Ideal Home?

There is shortly to be held in London an Ideal Home Exhibition, to which the Queen will contribute various articles from the technical schools at Sandringham. The prospect opens up the question of what really constitutes an ideal home. Will the exhibition be confined to such gross materialities as chairs, bedsteads, pots, pans, and dish-cloths? Or shall we have an exposition of the higher domestic virtues, with young persons, subtly and beautifully arrayed, personifying that annoying entity, the Angel in the House? It is obvious that technical schools cannot (and ought not to be able to) supply an ideal home. A humorous friend of mine, who is also a famous writer, has recently bought a piece of land, erected thereon a stately house, and furnished it from garret to cellar, because, she says, she "must have a home to get away from." This frivolous view of the domestic hearth is, no doubt, in favour at the present time, and hence the popularity of small flats, with bed-rooms like ship's cabins, and kitchens in which the proverbial cat could never, by any chance, be swung by the goddess who presides over the diminutive stove. The modern home, indeed, is too often only a place where you pack your boxes, remove motor travel-stains, and "look-up" Bradshaw; where you dress for the theatre, answer the telephone, and make your arrangements in illness for prompt removal to a sanatorium or nursing-establishment. There are plenty of old-fashioned people who hope that the coming exhibition will make home popular again among "the classes." Among the masses it has never lost its hold.



FOR THE AFTERNOON.

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(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Scotland" page.)

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